

The Works of William Shakespeare  
containing all his Comedies, Histories, and  
Tragedies, as they have beene  
imprinted, 1616.

The Names of the Principal Actors  
in the following Tragedies

Augustus, P. 1



# THE TEMPEST

*Actus primus, Scena prima.*

*A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard: Enter a Ship-masler, and a Boteswaine.*

*Master.*

*Ore-swaine.*

*Botes.* Heere Master: What cheere?

*Maft.* Good: Speake to th' Mariners: fall too't, yarely, or werun our felues a ground, bestirre, bestirre. *Exit.*

*Enter Mariners.*

*Botes.* Heigh my hearts, cheerely, cheerely my harts: yare, yare: Take in the toppes-fale: Tend to th' Masters whistle: Blow till thou burst thy winde, if room e-nough.

*Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinando, Gonzalo, and others.*

*Alon.* Good Boteswaine haue care: where's the Master? Play the men.

*Botes.* I pray now keepe below.

*Ant.* Where is the Master, Beson?

*Botes.* Do you not heare him? you marre our labour, Keepe your Cabines: you do asist the storme.

*Gonz.* Nay, good be patient.

*Botes.* When the Sea is: hence, what cares these roarrers for the name of King? to Cabine; silence: trouble vs not.

*Gon.* Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

*Botes.* None that I more loue then my selfe. You are a Counsellor, if you can command these Elements to silence, and worke the peace of the present, wee will not hand a rope more, vse your authoritie: If you cannot, giue thanks you haue liu'd so long, and make your selfe readie in your Cabine for the mischance of the houre, if it so hap. Cheerely good hearts: out of our way I say. *Exit.*

*Gon.* I haue great comfort from this fellow: methinks he hath no drowning marke vpon him, his complexion is perfect Gallowes: stand fast good Fare to his hanging, make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our owne doth little aduantage: If he be not borne to bee hang'd, our case is miserable. *Exit.*

*Enter Boteswaine.*

*Botes.* Downe with the top-Mast: yare, lower, lower, bring her to Try with Mainie-courie, A plague Acry within. *Enter Sebastian, Antonio & Gonzalo.*

vpon this howling: the or our office: yet againe giue ore and drowne, ha

*Sebas.* A poxe o' your mous incharitable Dog

*Botes.* Worke you th

*Ant.* Hang cur, hang

maker, we are lesse afraid

*Gonz.* Ile warrant hi

Ship were no stronger th

an vnstanchd wench.

*Botes.* Lay her a hold,

to Sea againe, lay her off

*Enter A*

*Mari.* All lost, to pray

*Botes.* What must ou

*Gonz.* The King, and Pri

for our case is as theirs.

*Sebas.* I am out of patie

*Ant.* We are meerly che

This wide-chopt-rascall,

ning the washing of ten

*Gonz.* Hee'l be hang'd

Though eury drop of w

And gape at widt to glu

Mercy on vs.

We split, we split, Fare

Farewell brother: we spl

*Ant.* Let's all sinke v

*Seb.* Let's take leauc o

*Gonz.* Now would I gi

for an Acre of barren gr

firrs, any thing: the will

faine dye a dry death.

*Scena*

*Enter Tr*

*Mira.* If by your Art

Put the wild waters in th

The skye it seemes woul

But that the Sea, mounti

Dashes the fire out. Oh

With those that I saw su